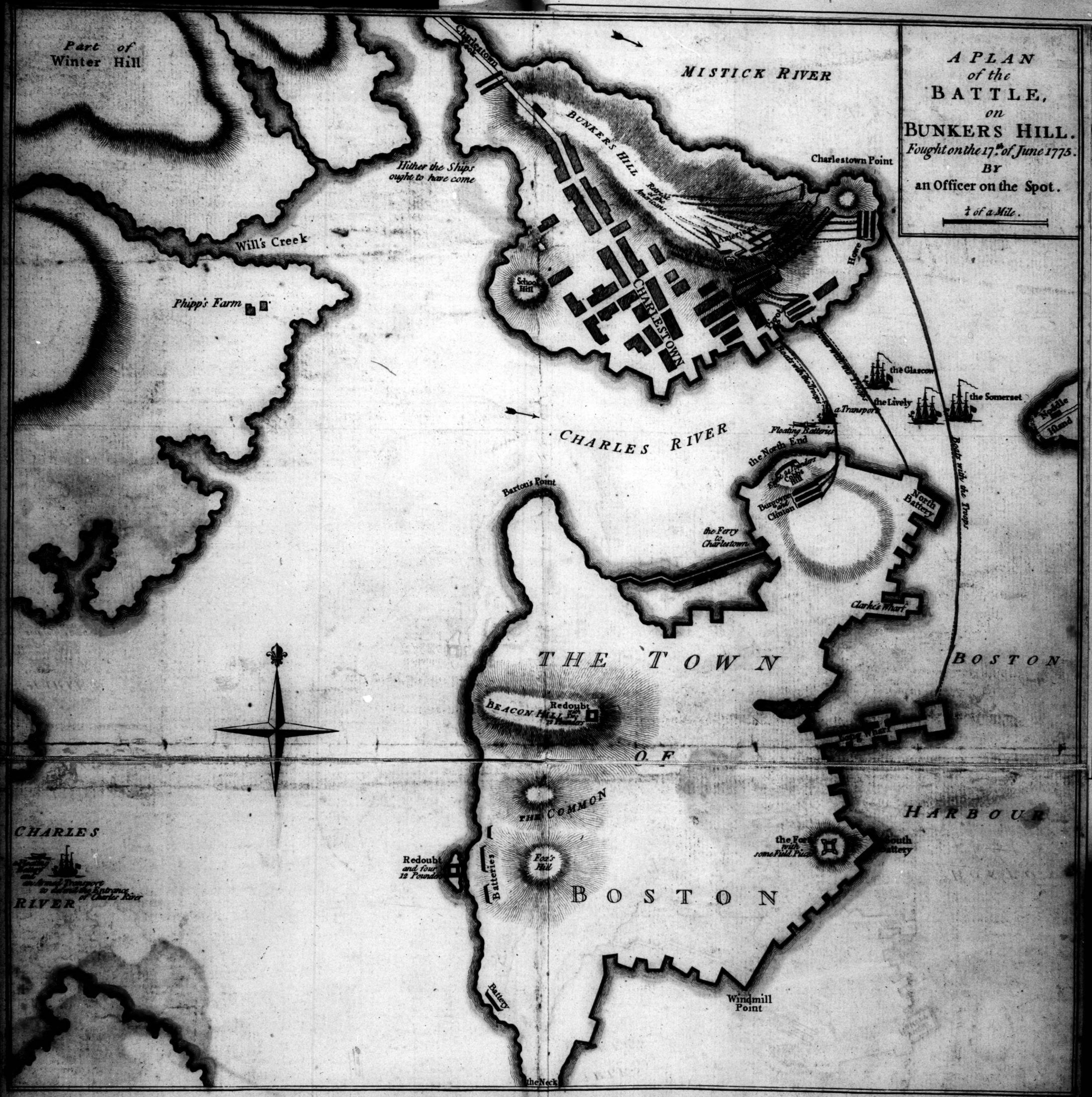

London. Printed for R. Sayer & J. Bennett N.° 53 in Fleet Street as the Act directs 27 Nov.r 1775.

The following Description of the Action near Boston, *on the 17th of June, is taken from a Letter written by General* Burgoyne *to his Nephew Lord* Stanley.

" Boston, June 25, 1775.

" BOSTON is a peninsula, joined to the main land only by a narrow neck, which on the first troubles Gen. Gage fortified; arms of the sea, and the harbour, surround the rest: on the other side one of these arms, to the North, is Charles-Town (or rather was, for it is now rubbish), and over it a large hill, which is also, like Boston, a peninsula: to the South of the town is a still larger scope of ground, containing three hills, joining also to the main by a tongue of land, and called Dorchester Neck: the heights as above described, both North and South, (in the soldier's phrase) command the town, that is, give an opportunity of erecting batteries above any that you can make against them, and consequently are much more advantageous. It was absolutely necessary we should make ourselves masters of these heights, and we proposed to begin with Dorchester, because from particular situation of batteries and shipping (too long to describe, and unintelligible to you if I did) it would evidently be effected without any considerable loss: every thing was accordingly disposed; my two colleagues and myself (who, by the bye, have never differed in one jot of military sentiment) had, in concert with Gen. Gage, formed the plan: Howe was to land the transports on one point, Clinton in the center, and I was to cannonade from the Causeway, or the Neck; each to take advantage of circumstances: the operations must have been very easy; this was to have been executed on the 18th. On the 17th, at dawn of day, we found the enemy had pushed intrenchments with great diligence, during the night, on the heights of Charles-Town, and we evidently saw that every hour gave them fresh strength; it therefore became necessary to alter our plan, and attack on that side. Howe, as second in command, was detached with about 2000 men, and landed on the outward side of the peninsula, covered with [illegible] without opposition; his was to advance from thence up the hill which was over Charles-Town, where the strength of the enemy lay; he had under him Brigadier-General Pigot: Clinton and myself took our stand (for we had not any fixed post) in a large battery directly opposite to Charles-Town, and commanding it, and also reaching to the heights above it, and thereby facilitating Howe's attack. Howe's disposition was exceeding soldier-like; in my opinion it was perfect. As his first arm advanced up the hill, they met with a thousand impediments from strong fences, and were much exposed. They were also exceedingly hurt by musquetry from Charles-Town, though Clinton and I did not perceive it, till Howe sent us word by a boat, and desired us to set fire to the town, which was immediately done. We threw a parcel of shells, and the whole was instantly in flames. Our battery afterwards kept an incessant fire on the heights: it was seconded by a number of frigates, floating batteries, and one ship of the line.

" And now ensued one of the greatest scenes of war that can be conceived: if we look to the height, Howe's corps ascending the hill in the face of entrenchments, and in a very disadvantageous ground, was much engaged; and to the left the enemy pouring in fresh troops by thousands, over the land; and in the arm of the sea our ships and floating batteries cannonading them: strait before us a large and a noble town in one great blaze; the church steeples, being of timber, were great pyramids of fire above the rest; behind us the church steeples and heights of our own camp covered with spectators of the rest of our army which was not engaged; the hills round the country covered with spectators; the enemy all anxious suspence; the roar of cannon, mortars, and musquetry; the crush of churches, ships upon the docks, and whole streets falling together in ruin, to fill the ear; the storm of the redoubts, with the objects above described, to fill the eye; and the reflection that perhaps a defeat was a final loss to the British empire in America, to fill the mind; [illegible] and a complication of horror and importance beyond any thing that ever came to my lot to be witness to. I much lament Tom's* absence:—it was a fight for a young soldier that the longest service may not furnish again; and had he been with me he would likewise have been out of danger; for, except two cannon balls that went an hundred yards over our heads, we were not on any part of the direction of the enemy's shot. A moment of the day was critical: Howe's left were staggered; two battalions had been sent to reinforce them, but we perceived them on the beach seeming in embarrassment what way to march; Clinton, the next for business, took the part, without waiting for orders, to throw himself into a boat to head them; he arrived in time to be of service, the day ended with glory, and the success was most important, considering the ascendancy it gave the regular troops; but the loss was uncommon in officers for the numbers engaged.

" Howe was untouched, but his aid-de-camp Sherwin was killed; Jordon, a friend of Howe's, who came, *engagé du cœur*, to see the campaign, (a ship-mate of ours on board the Cerberus, and who acted as aid-de-camp) is badly wounded. Pigot was unhurt, but he behaved like a hero. You will see the list of the loss. Poor Col. Abercrombie, who commanded the grenadiers, died yesterday of his wounds. Capt. Addison, our poor old friend, who arrived but the day before, and was to have dined with me on the day of the action, was also killed; [illegible] soon was upon the field at the time. Major Mitchell is but very slightly hurt; he is out already; young Chetwynd's wound is also slight. Lord Percy's regiment has suffered the most, and behaved the best; his Lordship himself was in the action:—Lord Rodon behaved to a charm; his name is [illegible] life."

* His nephew, the Hon. Tho. Stanley, Esq (and brother to Lord [illegible]), a volunteer on Bunker's Hill in Mr. Howe's division.